

Bat & Beagle

One

It was just entering the early winter months on campus; frost lay a glistening white upon the ground, and mornings were more than just a little chilly. It was during this plain Monday morning that Range sleepily stumbled into Computer Programming. It was not the beagle's most loved lesson, he only took it because it had one module on game programming and that was the closest to what he really wanted to do.

Range wearily typed his username and password into the computer in front of him and looked around the computer lab while the system logged him on. The room was sparsely populated, with people sitting alone in random places browsing the web or waiting too for the system to log them in.

"Han... the network must be running slow today," the beagle yawned and stretched in his seat, folding arms behind his head while looking down at the "Logging in..." displayed prominently on his monitor. It was another few minutes and a few more students slinking in until

the message disappeared and the desktop loaded, empty apart from a few default icons.

Range was just reaching for the web browser icon when the teacher arrived, a tall tawny owl by the name of Quinn. “Good morning class! I trust you had a restful weekend?” He looked around at the tired faces dotted around the lab. He adjusted his spectacles and cleared his throat, “We have a new student who just transferred here from... where was it?”

“Rosettes College, England, sir.”

Range’s vision drifted lazily over to the door where a rotund, grey bat filled the doorframe; and his weary eyes grew large.

Two

“...from Rosettes College in England!” Quinn continued, “This is Alexander, he’ll be joining us for the rest of the year.”

Range stared intently at the bat in the doorway, his mind processing a thousand thoughts at once, one managed to recur again and again however – this bat was round! His clothing didn’t appear to fit too well and when he waddled through the doorway his sides brushed against the wooden frame. A pair of luminous orange goggles

adorned his face. This stranger appealed to Range, but he didn't know why.

It was a few more seconds of intense staring until Range noticed that the bat was headed directly for him. The beagle panicked and looked away, pretending to be looking out the window as the pudgy chiropteran seated himself just a seat away from the dog. Range, nervous and shift-eyed, risked a peek in the bat's direction; he was unpacking a few items from his satchel, his belly folding over the lip of the seat. Range looked away again and clicked open the Internet.

"Era, excuse me?" Range nearly jumped out of his seat! He looked around and laid his eyes on the source of the strangely squeaky voice: the bat. "Hello. I'm Alexander – call me Grey – and, arm, how do I log in..?"

Range couldn't help but to peek down at the bat's overstuffed clothes, mumbling slightly as he simultaneously avoided and forced eye contact; "Well, err, Grey, you just, harm, type in your student ID like on your timetable and your password is your date of birth. Year, month, date – separated with dashes... I think."

Grey shot him back a smile, "Thanks," he snappily typed the information with his thick-but-nimble fingers and smacked enter, "I didn't get your name."

“Oh, it’s Range. And the network’s being slow, might take you a little while to log in right now,”

The overweight bat nodded in understanding and leaned back in his seat, exposing more furred belly to the onlooking canine before he dragged his eyes away; “So, err... settling in okay?”

Grey looked back towards Range and stopped stretching, hiding his gut once more. “Well, I’ve not been allocated my dorm room yet, I should find out in an hour or two; ‘till then, all my stuff’s hidden away in the student information office,”

Range nodded and made a hum of understanding, his response cut off by Quinn starting the lesson. “Today class, we’ll be programming a finite-state machine...”

Three

“What? You dropped out?!” Range squealed at the otter that was standing before him. The fella’s fur a brown colour with a blue streak dyed down it and gelled up hair, he was currently dragging a bulging suitcase along with him.

The otter drawled a reply: “Sorry dude, it’s the Splintrock world tour, I got chosen as a groupie. This chance, like, won’t come again!”

“But Scotty, what about your degree? What about me? We’ve been buddies since I was just a puppy and you’re going to throw that away just to tour with some stupid rock band?!” Range angrily reciprocated, waving his arms as if to exaggerate his words.

“Dude, Splintrock aren’t stupid! And I gotta go, my plane to Norway is in, like, an hour or something.”

“Buh-“ Scotty wrapped Range in a weak hug, letting go again after a few seconds.

“Bye Range. Keep in touch; you know how to find me, just call out to the power of rock!” He picked up his bags and walked out the door, turning left down the corridor. Range looked on quietly and turned away.

A quiet knock rattled on the still-opened door, “Erm... hello? I’m your new roommate,” Range’s ears perked, he recognised that squeaky voice and turned around back to the door. The shadowed silhouette of a rotund bat filled the doorframe, a chink of light reflecting off a pair of large orange goggles. Grey stepped inside the room as the bright light faded, he grinned; “Oh, hello Range!”

Four

It had been a few weeks since Grey had moved in with Range, and tensions were running a little high. Range continually avoided his rotund roommate, fearing that his constant spying at the bat's belly would get noticed if they spent too long around each other. Grey on the other hand was getting annoyed at the beagle's constant excuses when offered the chance to hang out together. They kept themselves to themselves and rarely talked, even in class, as Grey migrated to a seat further away.

It was one lazy Friday evening that Range was playing Oblivion when he heard it. "376." chimed a metallic voice.

"Goddamnit," he heard Grey groan, "Put weight on again!"

He heard the shifting of weight and the same metallic voice: "376."

"Ugh... why me?!"

Range paused the game and got off the couch, following his ears to the bat's bedroom. He tapped on the door gently. "Grey, you alright in there?" There was a sudden flurry of activity inside; Range could hear heavy footsteps racing to the door.

Grey pulled the door open quickly, a flurry of wind brushing the towel that covered his lower body: "Yes hello what is it?"

Range blinked then blinked again, staring directly at the bat's gut, the whole thing clear, uncensored overflowing right in the dog's face. He stuttered onwards awkwardly: "Ahh, err... You alright in there?" Grey nodded back quietly and prepared to close the door, only to find it blocked by a brown beagle's foot, "Let me in." Grey reluctantly complied.

It took a moment for Range to notice that this was the first time he'd been in here since the bat had moved in, but the room barely looked lived in at all. Everything was immaculate and tidy – the bed was well made with fresh linens, the desk (a birch number that just screamed IKEA) stationary categorised, a large whiteboard against the far wall documented timetables, events and expenditures of the next month written out in clean block capitals. And in the middle of it an overweight, towel-wearing grey bat stared at the bemused beagle.

"Wow... tidy..." Range muttered as he continued to look around, his eyes falling upon a small metal slab in the corner of the room, "hey, what's that?" He started walking towards it, only to find Grey block his path.

"It's nothing! Just... just my weighing scales. Nothing important."

Range looked over to them, luminous letters visible on a blurry digital display. The numbers 3–7–6 could be made out. "Put on a little weight have we, flatboat?" He squeaked suddenly and put his

paw over his mouth, “Oh god, sorry! Sorry sorry! I didn’t mean to say that, I really didn’t!”

The bat sighed and looked down at his bunglingly fat belly as a wing idly rubbed the lump of flesh, “Just... don’t worry about it...” He shuffled over to the bed and sat down, the wooden frame responding by creaking ominously, “I’m used to it...”

The canine apologised again quietly, looking towards the bat who was still idly rubbing his lap-filling gut. He looked on quietly for what felt like several minutes, watching those paws caress the wobbling, soft layers of flab that covered his rotund roommate; he consciously had to stop himself from staring for too long. “Err, um, anyway... I’ll leave you alone for now...” He turned to leave, but was called back almost instantly.

“Range. Have you ever been truly in love?”

The beagle stopped in his tracks and blinked, his brain trying to process the answer. After a moment he replied, “Once. Just once,” and turned to depart once more.

Five

Grey didn't leave his room for the rest of the night; he still hadn't by late the next morning – a Saturday. Range felt terrible and wanted to make up for it. "But how..." he pondered quietly to himself over a quick breakfast of pancakes with lashings of syrup and butter. Leaning back, he lifted up his shirt gently to look at his belly which – while hardly small – was easily dwarfed by that of the bat mere metres away.

Suddenly he jumped up, "I know! I'll make him a fry-up! That'll show him I care, at least!"

Range rose from his seat and went back to the kitchen area, digging around the fridge for a carton of eggs, packets of bacon and sausages & a loaf of thickly sliced bread, "These'll do! He declared; as he started to peel open the half-eaten packet of bacon. He placed four slices into the frying pan and looked back into the packet, where two slices remained; "Well, can't let them go to waste..." and he added them into the steadily heating pan.

The same happened with the sausages as another three were added following the originally planned four. Then the eggs, the whole carton of eight going into making four fried eggs and a stack of pancakes covered in what remained of the maple syrup and chocolate sauce bottles in the cupboard. Four slices of toast were added in and the dish was complete. It wasn't until he tried to load the food onto a tray that Range realised he'd cooked so much!

Grey laid in bed when he heard a tap at the door, it creaked as it was opened slowly, and a beagle shuffled slowly inside with a tray of greasy smelling food that was at risk of collapsing under its own weight! “Hey Grey,” Range muttered quietly as he brought the tray to rest on a bed-side table, “Sorry about yesterday... I made you breakfast.”

Grey didn't even look at the food; instead he looked up at Range, he didn't seem very happy to see him.

“Oh c'mon, I made it just for you!” The mattress shifted weight slightly as Range seated himself on the bedside, Grey's gut pushed against him gently. Range smiled gently and picked up a sausage, wafting it under the bat's snout, teasing for him to eat it.

Grey fell to temptation, snapping at the greasy sausage and gobbling it down hungrily; immediately attacking the rest of the tray in its wake. Range grinned and watched happily, feeling that batty gut grow larger and more stuffed behind him as his roomie eagerly shovelled piece after piece of food into his greedy maw. The feeding frenzy continued for several minutes, only halting when all was gone but scraps and crumbs. Grey groaned and collapsed back into his pillow as Range looked on in astonishment.

It was another hour until Grey stirred from his food-induced coma, groaning loudly and grasping his belly – it felt full, the fullest it had

been for a long time – and it showed. Unfortunately he didn't have a long time for whining as he noticed something was touching him, a paw slowing grasping at his gluttonous gut, a paw attached to a beagle that was laid in bed with Grey and snoring quietly.

Grey let out a shocked squeak, immediately followed by his cheeks turning a burning red. He didn't want to wake the napping canine after such an act of generosity from him, but he also couldn't move with the beagle paw that gently caressed his midriff.

Seeing no possible alternatives, the bat just sunk back under the covers and rested there, watching the beagle slumber, before drifting off himself...

Six

The next time Grey woke up Range had gone. He stumbled out the door and looked around for his roommate, unable to locate him anywhere, "Range? Where aaarreee youuuuuu~?" he hollered as he waddled around the flat, opening each door in turn to look inside. He finally got to Range's room, slowly opening the door and peeking inside.

Range wasn't there.

Grey sighed and flopped against the wall, disappointed that his only friend on the whole campus had done a runner and vanished – especially after what had happened earlier that morning, “Guess that was a goodbye meal...” he whimpered quietly, staring off into middle distance as he lost himself in thought.

Thinking didn’t last long however, the door clicked open, and a bag-carrying beagle ambled inside. Then he got tackled by a bat and promptly hugged tightly, the chiropterans muzzle pressing warmly into his chest, and he hugged him gently back.

Seven

The two roommates were watching television, sat together on the couch that resided in their joint living room; between them was a plate holding slices of rich chocolate gateaux that Range had brought home earlier, which they were idly eating as they watched an episode of Heroes.

They remained silent as the episode played out; only until the commercials did Range speak: “Grey... you do know I love you, right?”

Grey choked on his cake and spluttered, squeaking and beating at his chest to try and clear his airways again. “What?!”

Range panicked, “I’m sorry!”

Grey coughed again and cried back, “But I love you too!” “I’m sor-WHAT?!”

“I love you! As soon as I walked into class on my first day I saw you and wanted to be with you, I asked to be your roommate, I kept asking if you wanted to go hang out! I thought you weren’t interested!”

Range slapped his forehead with his paw, “Oh god, I’m so stupid.”

A wing wrapped around Range’s shoulders, a firm belly pushing into his side, “You’re also the one I love,” Grey whispered and pushed his tongue past the beagle’s lips, kissing him deeply.

That night was an evening of playfulness as the pair lay together in bed, snuggling gently and caressing each other’s bodies in their paws. One thing was bugging Grey however.

“Era... hun, why do you find me attractive?” he enquired.

Range squeaked awkwardly and shifted his rubbing paws away from the bat’s heavy middle. Grey smiled, “Way to go hun, you just told me the answer! I noticed your paws all over my belly... you like me

because I'm FAT, don't you!" The canine's cheeks turned red, just signing his confession in the process.

Range stuttered for a moment, and then finally got a comprehensible sentence together, "I like fat people..." He blushed even deeper still and tried to hide his embarrassment in a pillow.

Grey let off a warm smile, "That's okay honey, so long as you love me as much as you love my belly," he said as he planted a gently kiss on his partner's lips.

His partner returned the smile and kiss, giving a confident grin. "And," he whispered gently, "I want you bigger."

Grey chuckled and patted the canine's only mildly chubby stomach, "Only if you do it too!"

Eight

The pair remained remarkably true to their promises, starting not long after making them when Range insisted on making supper, presenting his eager roomie with plate after plate of cheese and ham omelettes. Grey worked through them tirelessly, groaning as he worked through the seventh plate and only continuing after a pair of beagle's lips gave him the necessary encouragement.

The favour was returned the next morning, when Range stumbled out of the (now shared) bedroom to the aroma of a heavy fried breakfast, heavily reminiscent of the one he'd made for Grey just the day before. However when he laid his eyes on the dining table, he could have sworn that the amount of food had increased five-fold – there was more there than he would normally eat in three days!

Grey spotted him as he exited the kitchen and smiled, laying down another plate to the stack that overflowed the table: "Sit and eat! Beagle's gotta play catch up!"

Range – not being the most experienced eater of the pair – struggled through the second plate, piled with greasy bacon, sausages, eggs and everything else. He only managed the third and half the fourth with constant stomach rubs at the hands of his feeder, after which he audibly groaned and leaned back, crying for respite. Grey chose not to oblige; instead he picked up the groggy doggy and started forcing the food in, disposing of another one of the fatty meals before calls to stop from his canine companion.

While Grey finished off the remnants of the feast, Range was left to loosen up. He'd never eaten so much in one sitting before and it ached his stomach to think of doing it again. For now, however, he was safe.

The rest of the day was a respite; Range insisted that he was full enough to last days and that he should be doing the feeding, Grey reluctantly agreed and became victim to three more feedings before the day was gone.

The next morning the pair heaved themselves onto the talking scales in Grey's room, giving each other gentle encouragement as it counted up the numbers. Grey had earned himself a four more pounds, bringing him up to a round 340. Range – after just one meal – had gotten two, his weight now a comparatively lean 153 pounds.

The couple exchanged smiles and a quick standing snuggle, then prepared themselves for the classes of the day ahead.

Nine

The same schedule followed for several weeks: four meals per day (although lunch was often cut short by timetables and what little free time they both had), followed by a weighing up the next day. The changes had been astounding in the pair, best evidenced by the image they saw when they joined each other by the scales in the morning – a pair of squat, wide and heavy furs, stuffed into clothes that long gave up trying to contain them.

“C’mon up, you gluttonous beast! Get up there!” Range teased as he pushed a paw deep into Grey’s back flab. The bat squeaked and stepped up to the scale, its tinny voice ringing out: 439.

Range almost squealed with glee as he pulled Grey off again and wrapped his arms around his partner’s huge waist, “Oooh my big bat’s growing up... and out!” The chiropteran just blushed and leaned back into the soft padding that now adorned the front of his beagle, emitting a quiet churr from the sensation.

“Hmmm, up you go, chunky butt!” teased Grey, pushing Range up to the scale as he lightly groped at the ample rump. The scales cried their verdict: 287. A smile plastered both their faces, “Looks like I’m not the only one growing out, here,” Grey purred smoothly into a floppy ear, pushing his paws up that taught shirt and groping the thick rolls that pressed firmly against the fabric; “Mmm, I could just eat you all up for breakfast!”

Range turned around to his flirtatious partner, his belly inadvertently meeting his in a slow, jiggling collision. They blushed and looked into each other’s eyes, exchanging a deep, loving kiss and a cuddle before continuing to ready themselves for the day.

Ten

Five months following the beginning of their gain and what was perhaps the inevitable happened. The two lovers had had problems due to their weight in the preceding weeks – issues ranging from broken seats to a scale that complained under their sheer size – but now it was becoming an issue.

“Range! Raaaaaange!” Grey cried out in a panic.

“Comiiiiiiiiing!” Range cried back and waddled out of his room, coming to a sudden stop as he saw the cause of the disturbance. Grey in all his now 783 pound glory, was stuck fast in his bedroom door, thick love handle rolls pressed tightly into the wooden frame; a round, bulging gut spread out into the living room.

The bat’s cheeks turned red, “Hi honey... arm... help?” he grinned sheepishly. His canine companion rolled his eyes typically and smiled, grabbing the bat’s swollen wrists and tugging him forwards.

“Goddamn, breathe in, you larders!” Range whined as he pulled on his chunky lover’s wings, and gasped in exertion.

“I aaaaam!” the stuck bat hollered back, his sides barely moving from their jammed position.

It was several more minutes of pulling and pushing before Range collapsed from the effort, his 704 pound form wobbling heavily...

“Time to call the fire brigade, I guess.”

Eleven

It was a momentous occasion in the apartment. Nearly a full 18 months after the door incident; the still slightly smaller Range had surpassed 2,100 pounds, Grey was very slightly over 2,200; both were barely mobile – destined to remain inside the apartment snuggled upon a sunken couch. Their sheer size had stopped them from attending classes for the last few months and by the time that the college had expelled them and told them to leave they were just too large to be removed – voluntarily or by force.

Once their immobility started to become an issue it was clear that something had to be done. After days of pondering just how they were going to keep eating without the ability to move there was a strange enlightenment. Both the blobby lovers would be physically disabled – therefore entitled to carers. It was these carers that now fed each blubber ball four full meals a day, any less and they would complain of hunger and stomach pains, and with every dish they grew larger.

Range planted a tender kiss upon the lips of his batty boyfriend, purring as he felt their thick cheeks and chins press together – along with the rest of their bodies – as they snuggled and ate day after day,

each embraced in the love and warmth of the other, a binary star system of fat fur. All stemming from the one day that Range met Grey.

The character of Alexander Grey is @blubberbat. The character of Range is @range pup.